Vol. II. Numb. 95.

THE OBSERVATOR.

...he Report at London *of the* Observator's *being taken. What People say of him. Of the Ingra-...itude of* Augsburgh *to Prince* Lewis *of* Baden, *and the Effects of it. What the* Observator *...an do. A Story of a Country Fool. Of Mr.* De Laun's *Case. Of* Harry-Clitus, *and what ...e* Observator *wou'd do to him.*

From **Wednesday** March the 1st, to **Saturday** March the 4th, 17c4.

...ntry-m. MAster *Observator*, How d'ye do this Morning? I am heartily glad to see you; I little ...ought you had been hereabouts.

Obs. What's the matter? What makes you so ...ful over me, more than you us'd to be?

Country-m. Why, I was at the great *Buzzing-...mming Bee-Hive*, the City, Yesterday; and there ...y made me half Wild about you.

Obs. Why, what did they say of me?

Country-m. Say! Every Body said you were ta-...n by Virtue of the Proclamation, and carried ...fore I don't know what Great Man to be Ca-...chiz'd.

Obs. To be Examin'd, you mean; and what ...id the Town?

Country-m. I thought the People had been all ...ad about you; some said you was a Rogue to ...e Government, and ought to be Hang'd; and ...ome said your Mouth was stopt, and you'd write ...o more *Observators*; and some said you had put ...Cheat upon the Government, and got some Bo-...y to take you, that you might have the Hun-...red Pounds to your self.

Obs. But no Body pitied a poor Fellow then, ...s a Man fallen into the Hands of his Enemies.

Country-m. Not a Soul; here and there an Ho-...nest Man wou'd shake his Head, and say, he was ...orry for you, but could not help you; and all ...agreed you were undone, they'd Ruin you, and ...you'd never get out of their Hands.

Obs. And which of the sort you talk of, are they that have made you Melancholy?

Country-m. Truly, all of them; but the last Madded me the worst of all, to think that most People who believe you are an Honest Fellow, and serv'd the Government and your Native Country very Faithfully, yet all they had to say for you was to shake their Head at you, and say, they were sorry, *&c.* But the Devil a Step would one of them take to help you; nay, they were afraid so much as to go to see you.

Obs. Prithee don't let that trouble you, 'tis nothing but what I expect, and what every Body shall find, that pretends to assist any Party to serve their Country, or to defend the best Cause in the World.

Country-m. Why then, the best Cause in the World shou'd go to *Old Nick* for me; I'd have no Hand in saving the best of them.

Obs. As for that, the Cause is his that made them, and who will one time make the *Ingratitude* and *Selfishness* of a Party a Plague to themselves; as it was lately in the Case of the City of *Augsburgh*, on the Edge of *Bavaria*: Prince *Lewis* of *Baden* with the Imperial Army made a Long and Desperate March with 25000 Men to save the City; and truly when he came to the very Gates, and expected to have been receiv'd, as *Gustavus Adolphus* was into *Nurembergh*, on the like occasion, as a Saviour and Deliverer of their City, from a Cruel and Barbarous Enemy; they shut their Gates, and made Scruple and Terms; and so much Hesitation and Difficulty they shew'd, that he was fain to tell them flatly at last, if they did not immediately open their Gates, he would break them down, and come in by Force, and so with much ado they accepted to be delivered and defended from Destruction.

Afterwards when the Prince had them in his Protection, and the *French* and *Bavarian* Army found them so secure, they durst not attack 'em; how did they treat him? They gave him no Entertainment they could avoid, they refus'd to advance 100000 *Rix Dollars* for the Emperours Service, and behav'd themselves as Ill-Natur'd as they knew how to do; till that Great General finding they wanted Correction, and the Emperours Service requiring his removal, he left them; and how they have paid for the neglect of their Friends since that, the usage of their Enemies may testifie; the *French* made themselves Masters of the City, Disarmed the Inhabitants, say *Mass* in their *Protestant* Churches, Quarter at Discretion upon the *Burghers*, Lie with their Wives, Ravish and Abuse their Daughters, Plunder the Rich, Murder the Poor, Demolish their Fortifications, carry away their Magazine of Arms and Cannon, and Tax them at about 600000 *Rix Dollars* already, besides what is to come.

Country-m. Then they are serv'd, as they ought to be serv'd, who will not accept of the Service of those that would assist them: A rare Example, and I would have all People that love *French* Government take the same Course. But they'll say this is nothing to you, for you are not capable of doing any thing towards the delivering this Nation.

Obs. I am capable of doing as much as any Man that is capable of doing no more than I, but as 'tis every Mans Duty to do what he is able, I discharge that Duty; and if every Man would do all he could in his proper Station, I should have had no fear for *England*; however, if I can do nothing, why so much Money to take me? Why so Angry? I am capable of doing something, I am capable of opening the Eyes of those that will not see the danger of their Native Country; and when they see their Danger, 'tis half prevented; and this way I hope I am Serviceable; and as for my Reward, I expect none, but the Satisfaction of a Wise Man, which *Solomon* says is within himself.

Country-m. Well, well, you Philosophers have strange Notions; you can live upon *Speculums*, as I think they call 'em, and Dine upon a Dish of a *Thinks* and *Consumquances*.

Obs. Speculations and Consequences you mean, I suppose.

Country-m. Well, so you know what I mean, 'tis well enough; but I know you are a strange Man, they should be all Hang'd for me, before I'd be Bull-baited and Hector'd by such a parcel of Scoundrels, for a parcel of People that when you have done, won't thank you for your Labour.

Obs.

Obj. Look ye, if they wont thank me, its their Fault; but if I don't do my Duty, that's my Fault; he that sets me to Work bid me expect nothing here neither from Friends or Foes, but Slights from these, and Abuses from those; but he promised me a Spirit for the Work, and when he pleases I shall find the Reward I expect.

Country-m. Fine clear-Headed things indeed! Put a Bag full of them into the Pot, and bid your Wife Boil them for Dinner, and hear what your Children will say to it.

Obj. Well, I'll leave Wife and Children to him that can provide for Wife and Children; I shall never cease to Detect Rogues, and tell Honest Men their Danger.

Country-m. For which the *Rogues* will Hate you, and the *Honest Men* Slight you; one call you *Knave*, and the other will call you *Fool*; one Side *Beggar* you, and the other let you *Starve*.

Obj. Honest *Country-man*, I'll tell you a Story: At the Town I was Born in, there was a Foolish Fellow that us'd to run up and down Streets, and go of Errands; this Fellow was always prying into the Ordinary Publick Affairs of the Town; if a Common-Shoar was stopt, he'd never let the Mayor alone till 'twas open'd; if there was a Hole or deep Place in the Road, he would never be at quiet till it was mended; if the Mayor would not Order it, he would be always throwing Rubbish into it, to help fill it up: At last upon a great Storm of Wind, there was a Stack of Chimneys which stood very dangerous, and this poor Fellow could not prevail upon the People to pull 'em down, and after being very Impertinent both with the *People*, as well as the Government of the Town, for the pulling down the Chimneys, but in vain; he plac'd himself at the Place, and would never stir away; telling every Body they should go on the other side of the way for fear of the Chimneys: For which one call'd him Fool, and 'tother call'd him Fool; at last comes an Old Woman by, and seeing the Chimneys really look as if they were ready to fall, and yet the People railing at the Fellow; she ask't him what was the matter? He told her his Tale: Well but, said she, if the People have a mind to be knock'd on the Head, can't you be satisfied? No, says he, that I can't, for if they are Fools I can't help it, but I can help their being knock'd on the Head, and that's my Work; well but 'tis you are the Fool, and they call you so; well, says he, if I am a Fool, I'll be a Useful Fool, what ever comes on't.

Now this is the sort of Fool I would be, *Country-man*; and if I am but useful to my Native Country, and to Honest Men, I have the Reward I look for.

Country-m. I don't understand such things, but methinks 'tis hard; when I was talking the same thing at *London*, they told me of one Mr. *Laun*, I think his Name was, and bid me put you in mind of him; pray what was he?

Obj. Truly, *Country-man*, his was a very hard *Case*, he was put into *Prison* for accepting a high *Church Challenge*, and giving an Account why the *Dissenters* did not Conform.

Country-m. What did they *Challenge* him?

Obj. Yes, Dr. *Calamy* Preach'd a Sermon in which he invited the *Dissenters* to show their Reasons for *Dissenting*.

Country-m. Well, and why did they put him in *Prison*, if they Invited him to do it?

Obj. Because they found they could not answer him. Our good Friend *Harry-Clitus* has him up once, and he says he was put in *Prison* for Writing *Sedition*; but this silly Fellow knows little of the Case, nor does not pretend to enter into particulars; and besides, the Man was *Imprisoned* before the *Book* was *Published*, for they seiz'd it at the *Press*, with design to *Stifle* it, if possible, but the Book is Printed at large, the World may Judge what Sedition there is in it, *I* suppose Goodman *Clitus* will not pretend to Answer it; Tis the present Bullwark of the Dissenters Case, as to Arguments, and all the high Church-men in *England* can never Answer it.

Country-m. Well, what became of this Man?

Obj. He was Tryed at the *Old-Bayley*, Condemn'd, Fin'd 75 *l.* and having nothing to Pay it, he Perished with his Wife and Children; all dy'd in *Newgate*, and no Body thought fit to raise so small a Sum for one of the best Scholars in *Europe*.

Country-m. A good Instance for you to follow! And are these the People you are endeavouring to serve?

Obj. Yes, they are: And I think it is a good Argument to prove I don't serve them for private Interest; but *I* am bound to tell the World what they are doing, without hopes of Reward from them.

Country-m. Well, but you are not without your Reward, for *Harry-Clitus* gives you your Reward every day; but I never saw a Man so over-joy'd in his Life, as he and his Brother *Powel* the Stage-Player was, they were Drunk two days together, without intermission, in drinking Confusion and Damnation to you and I both.

Obj. Whose Confusion and Damnation does that Contribute to, think you, ours or their own?

Country-m. Nay, I don't see much on't in your face, you look well enough.

Obj. And never shall look the worse for their Curses, don't trouble your self about that; but prethee do not look Melancholly about the News of my being Taken, I am not Taken yet, you see; nor I don't design to be Taken by those who you mean; I have put Her Majesty to no Charge to b... to Justice; I would long ago have Surrendered to th... of my Superiors, if I could have gotten the liberty o... admitted to Bayl; I hope I never shall do any thing th... occasion me to fly from the Publick Justice of the Na... Confess I was not very forward to come into the Hands ... Civil, Courteous, Obliging Man, the Serjeant at Arms; ... to Common Justice, and the Laws of *England*, I am fa... have never broke the Laws, and fear not to be Tryed by ... and therefore let them not be concerned; the *Observator* ... will fly from the Publick Justice, but perhaps may shew h... when they you speak of, may have Drank his Confusio... Damnation, till, by extraordinary Diligence, they find their...

Country-m. I am mad at those Scoundrel Fellows, I'll g... Towel 'em next time I go to Town for't.

Obj. Prethee let 'em alone, they are below Anger, and ... Conversion; leave them to dye at the Gallows, as the... serve. Have you any News at *London*?

Country-m. I enquired for none; they made such a No... bout you, I minded nothing else; but they talk pretty ... of the Votes of the House of Commons, and making Addr... to my Queen about the Lords Paper that you shewed me... merly; Pray tell me the meaning of it.

Obj. Have a care of that; 'Tis no business for a M... *Tenebris*; I have enough upon my hands already.

Country-m. Why, you are not concern'd at this, you say...

Obj. You are mistaken, I never told you *I* was not concer... and indeed *I* am very much concern'd that *I* should be so m... derstood, and misrepresented, as to fall under the Displea... of the House of Commons; no Man can be pleas'd to have... *England* at odds with him, and all his Native Country u... his back; *I* have never the less Opinion of the House of C... mons, for their having an ill Opinion of me; being sens... that tho *I* have not merited their Displeasure, yet being ... represented to them, and unjustly reproached with Crimes... know my self free from, they may believe otherwise, & so I ... a Guilty Person to them; nor has any Man been more forw... than I to show the Sense *I* have of the Misfortune of a Parli... mentary Censure, and have done it as Publickly as it could b... expected, and with as much Humility as becomes me; and pe... haps more than the share of Guilt *I* am concerned in, require...

Country-m. Then you Humbled your self, did you?

Obj. *I* think 'tis no Dishonour for a Man to Humble himse... to the Parliament of *England*; and had *I* any real Guilt, *I* shoul... have still Humbled my self further; nay, *I* should have gon... much further than *I* have, if *I* did not think *I* should have bee... unjust to my own *Innocence*.

Country-m. Well, I can't tell what to say to it, I can't stoop t... People, not *I*, where *I* have been Honest; no Body shall cal... me Rogue, without Tasting of my Oaken Towel.

Obj. What do you mean? Would you Cudgel all the Nation?

Country-m. Its my way; you with your Pen, and *I* with my Cudgel: *I* mean Honestly; who ever abuses me, *I'll* beat him if I can: *I* think 'tis something of *English* Liberty, that every Man should have the Freedom to do himself Justice.

Obj. *Scotch Liberty* you mean; you ought to Write the *Scotch* Motto upon your Oaken Towel, *Nemo me Impune Lacessit*, which being Interpreted would signifie as much as if you would say *Ware Towel*.

Country-m. When all is done, I am in the right; this *Harry-Clitus* is such a Dog of all Dogs, *I* can't bear it; *I* must Towel him *I* tell you.

Obj. Prithee, Honest *Country-man*, if you were standing in the Market-place, and an Ass Kickt you, would you Kick him again? Or if a Dog Bark'd at you, would you Bark at him again?

Country-m. No, it may be not; but what would you do in the like Case?

Obj. Do! *I'd* walk my ways, and consider 'twas a Beast; 'twas the Nature of an Ass to Kick, and a Dog to Bark; and go about my Business; and so let us do now.

In April *next will be Publish'd*

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London, Printed and Sold by *J. How*, at the *Seven-Stars*, in *Talbot-Court*, in *Grace-Church-Street*, 1704.